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HAPPINESS.

A Poem.

BY JAMES MOORE, M. D.

AUTHOR OF

"The World's Battle;" "The Life of Washington;" "History of the Great Rebellion;" "The
Kimeliad," a poem in three cantos; "The Shepherd of the Wissahickon," a poem
in three cantos; "Kilpatrick and our Cavalry;" "The Centennial," a
poem; "The Triumph of Truth;" "The City of God;"
"Our Redeemer's Kingdom;" "The Mansions
in Heaven;" "Saint Paul," "The Star in
the East" &c., &c., &c.

*Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis;
Ut prisca gens mortalium.*—HOR.

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TO THE READER.

THE success that has attended my efforts so far gives me reason to indulge a hope that the present one may be as well received.

Happiness is the object which we all pursue; but, alas! in a vain world it is seldom found, and sooner or later—blighted.

This poem, whatever its merits, I most cordially commend to all I love. The attentive will find it worthy perusal, and there may be a few grains worth more than may be easily told.

HAPPINESS.

A POEM.

I.

MANKIND, by different roads, one quest pursue,
'Tis happiness they always keep in view.
In one form or another, this their aim,
Though variously called, the thing's the same.
The Platonists all thought 'twas virtue's sway,
From which the soul, being never led astray,
The path pursued, to fair Elysian bowers,
Contemplating, meanwhile, the heavenly powers.
The Stoics thought indifference to all
Which can affect the mind, or great, or small,
Was what the wise man ever must attain,
Or still imperfect, all his work was vain.
The followers of Epicurus drew
Their maxims still, from that most jovial crew,
Who, reckless of aught else, bound by no measure,
Consigned the mind, heart, soul, and all, to pleasure.

Far-fetched examples we've no need to borrow,
All flee from danger, trouble, care, and sorrow,
From poverty and pain, and from ill health,
And seek their opposites with flowing wealth.
Nature and Providence, who all controls,
Have deep implanted in all human souls
Or with their essence blended qualities,
If rightly used, would serve much to their ease,

And if true happiness is very rare,
 'Twould be but seldom missed if man had care,
 And guided by right reason sought to find
 The objects of pursuit adapted to his mind.
 But, while he blindly follows passion's rule,
 And rushes madly on, becomes a fool,
 What wonder then, he finds by every token,
 His happiness is gone,—his peace is broken?
 Or, if when joy is marred, may he not ask
 (What to us all is most ungrateful task),
 Was not the fault his own—his own mistake?
 He neared the precipice,—his neck did break.
 For reason, truth, and virtue have their laws,
 And those who in obedience do but pause,
 May, the next moment, take the fatal step,
 And reach th' abyss e'en by a single leap.
 Hence happiness, tho' never perfect here,
 May often be attained by minds sincere,
 And though misfortune seems to overwhelm,
 'Twill reach but such a mark; One's at the helm
 Whose skill and goodness will the bark preserve,
 And help, with ready art, with what will serve,
 To waft her onward toward the destined port,
 No more, of storms and warring winds, the sport.

The life of man, it is agreed, is brief,
 Abounding much in woe, affliction, grief,
 The loss of dear ones, to the heart so bound,
 That nought but death to sever can be found.
 And, while descending falls the heavy stroke,
 The sufferer feels as if the heart were broke;
 The eyes a copious flood of tears distill,
 Down flowing torrents all the bosom fill,
 The pillow floats upon the swimming bed,
 The couch itself from fountains in the head,

While, what the prophet wished for now appears,
 The head is waters; eyes a fount of tears;
 The heaving breast, by many a sigh is rent,
 The pent-up woes upon the air is spent.
 Thus heave the bellows with the inward blast,
 Whose rage without upon the fire is cast,
 Th' internal struggle thus the sound proclaims,
 Augmenting yet th' all-consuming flames.
 The passion stronger waxes, till distress,
 The sufferer rolls in dust and smites his breast,
 The hoary hairs tears frantic from his head,
 And calls for death,—and wishes himself dead,
 Refuses food, or comfort or relief,
 And nought can stem th' whelming tide of grief.

Thus nought could comfort David, for his son,
 The father saw his swift career was run.
 The bloody deed, presented to his eyes,
 The vaulted roofs resounding with his cries,
 Dismayed the courtiers, at the frantic rage
 Of fervent grief; which nothing can assuage,
 The throne, the crown, the court forgot, and he,
 Cries, "Absalom! my son, would I had died for thee."

'Twas thus, when burning Troy, in ashes lay,
 The victors led the captives far away,
 From the loved city and their country's hearth,
 From all the joys they knew e'en from their birth.
 The queen forlorn had seen her husband slain,
 Her valiant son, upon the bloody plain,
 The mighty chiefs, defenders of the wall,
 In this way, or in that, now sink, now fall,
 The prince, her grandson, from the tower hurled,
 All gone, or lost, but one alone, her world;
 This loved one, last, her darling Polydore,
 Kept out of danger on the Thracian shore,

Unto a friendly king with treasure sent,
 But for the gold, on evil course intent.
 While with her maidens, washing near the shore,
 The wave cast forth the murdered Polydore;
 The enraged queen, revenged without delay,
 Became through grief a female dog, they say,
 And, up the mainmast, howling urged her way.
 Thus grief profound will often blanch the hair
 E'en in a night; not seldom fell despair
 Consigns the crazed to watchful keeper's care.

But, think, dear parents, think how great the loss,
 His felt, who wept their darling,—Charlie Ross!
 What must the anguish-stricken mother feel?
 Or could the father bear a heart of steel?
 Could one, or both, outlive such rending grief,
 Or bless the abductors? Or forgive the thief?
 What woes were theirs, are theirs, may ever be,
 Unless their dearest child these parents see!
 How much the public felt, at the heart's core,
 To all, to all, the same, each heart was sore,
 By tender sympathy each mourned and wept,
 Detective vigilance alive was kept,
 Th' illusive hope, how often all deceived,
 Deceived a thousand times folks still believed,
 Throughout the world the story sad is known,
 The tragic tale might break a heart of stone,
 And could my pencil, dipped in hues of heaven,
 Portray folk's sympathy, then might be given,
 In melting numbers, moving every age,
 Pathetic, mournful, on the poet's page,
 That innocence might the sad story weep,
 And moving lays unfold a woe so deep.

'Tis true some griefs in time exhaust their force,
 And tears are dried, for dried are their source,

The fount being so, the stream must too, of course.
 Some years ago, there lived a worthy man,
 Who competence enjoyed ; but still he ran,
 With onward course, unto his store to add,
 For wife and children, all to make them glad.
 An accident his useful life curtailed,
 His mournful partner sad her loss bewailed.
 High mass, with pomp, by pious priests was said,
 With all religious rites for honored dead.
 From its cold clay had fled the conscious soul,
 But what the wife and mother can console?
 Nought, for a decent time, the grief can stay,
 But grief itself may die ; there came a day
 Her blooming beauty caught an amorous swain,
 And Hymen's altar hears her vows again,
 While the good priest was blessed with marriage fee.
 Thus two were happy—two, say rather three :
 The orphan children who a father lost,
 Another found, at that age needed most.
 These lines, for mourning widows kind are penned,
 May heaven direct them to as happy end !
 And every tear from fairest face be dried,
 Th' experiment is worthy, may be tried.

Oh ! then dear, charming, love-compelling Ide,—
 Why dost thou still with heavy sorrow bide ?
 Full many, worthy, would delight to share
 The cottage home—the desert—wert thou there ;
 Would wipe thy tears away, and act the part
 Of him, the loved and lost, again thy heart,
 Thy loving heart, and fond, with joy might bound,
 When one, again, of thee, were worthy found.
 Thy virtues, charms, thy every youthful grace,
 Deserve no grief should lasting furrows trace

In countenance where—may I be forgiven—
 The varied, blending hues, resemble those of heaven.
 Forgive thy friend th' enthusiast poet's lay,
 His counsel prompt adopt, then may'st thou say
 Thy faltering, timid thanks, bashful another day.

In youth we live in an ideal bliss
 And fancy happiness in world like this;
 Perchance some idol cherish in our heart,
 Or foster viper; when the sudden smart,
 With poison sent in throbs through every vein,
 We writhe and shriek, and loudly roar with pain:
 The idol from its pedestal is hurled,
 Shivered to atoms; blighted in this world,
 The roseate colors quickly fade away,
 While mist and vapors cloud meridian day,
 Till some fierce wind, impatient clears our sky,
 The clouds disperse; we long no more to die.
 A manlier thought, more healthful, now prevails,
 We spread the canvas wide, unfurl the sails,
 On foaming tide, of wild ambition driven,
 We seek to brave the storms and winds of heaven,
 Till, on a rock, or quicksand, sudden caught,
 Our bark is wrecked, our hopes are brought to nought,
 And great the ruin our own folly wrought.

Thus, in one form, *or other*, evils crowd,
 And visit, not alone the vain and proud;
 The man of evil heart, and him depraved,
 Led by ill passions, and by vice enslaved,
 Who quaffs in copious draughts the cup of pleasure,
 And to his lusts give reins, with scarce a measure.
 No; on the good and temperate they fall,
 On him who hoards in heaven his treasures all,

The child of grace, whose end and only aim
 Is here to magnify the glorious name.
 He loses wife and child; his fortune gone,
 Endures base poverty, without a friend, alone,
 In pining sickness, rests his weary head,
 And turns forlorn upon a restless bed;
 Shorn of his strength; perhaps with name maligned,
 No rest, no comfort, ever can he find.
 He wishes but to die,—but still lives on,
 And sighs to find his evil day not done.
 Perhaps he dies condemned for others' crime,
 His years cut short, and even in his prime.

The ancients, when they moral evil saw,
 And evil nature, as by some fixed law,
 Entailed on man,—the fire, the loss of life
 By elements,—the wasting plague, the strife
 Of raging storms; the violent earthquake's shock
 Ingulfing cities, as if but to mock
 The pride of man; the deluge to o'erflow
 And level mountains; and the plain below,
 With cattle, shepherds, all things borne away,
 And few survivors of the fated day;
 Being loth, such evils, to good God to charge,
 Invented other god to father them at large.

Thus, heathen blindness evermore must err,
 If wisdom, truth, be sought; they are not there,
 Nor could the mind of man a way devise
 To justify the course that rules the skies.
 And matter's imperfection, Plato thought,
 The cause of all the fruitful evils wrought.
 Others to this same cause attribute all
 The untoward evils on the race which fall,
 Without the fault of Deity; upon man's head,
 Thwarted by fate, or something in its stead,

Descend the woes ; their god could not prevent,
 Thus they another cunningly invent,
 Who wholly bad had but an ill intent.
 Hence Eastern nations, even at this day,
 T' appease the evil god their offerings pay,
 And to him still inclining to be civil,
 Adore and sacrifice unto the devil.

Experience proves some things beginning have,
 Existing not before ; our grandames gave
 Such proofs as fixed the years that mark our birth ;
 Prior to this we lived not on this earth.
 Unto itself nought can beginning be,
 What did begin, what never did we see,
 Whatever is must have been made or not,
 All things can not be made ; be not this forgot,
 That something there must be, whate'er is said,
 Of which we must affirm ; *'twas never made*,
 Nothing can make itself, by its own aid.
 Or else, the consequence is this direct,
 This *is* and *is not*, in the same respect,
 Because, producing, it is said *to be*,
 Because to be produced, *'tis not* ; we see
 It therefore *is in being*, and *is not* ;
 A contradiction thus we find is wrought.
 If, then, some other made existent things,
 The thing which made them, this conclusion brings,
 That what produced them, was produced too,
 Or else was not ; and if not, we may view
 An independent essence ; if produced it were,
 Something ne'er made, at last we'll reach with care,
 Or must a circle of productions own,
 In which the cause is made by th' effect alone ;
 Or in causalities series without end
 Where nought is made ; both which attend

Alike impossibility ; hence something ne'er was made,
We fairly own ; it no beginning had.

Dependent beings, and effects like these,
When ta'en apart, 'tis true may separate cease,
One cause supreme, and maker to infer ;
Which made them all ; but yet the order there
So beautiful of things ; the combination rare,
As much, through all things eloquent proclaim,
One cause supreme of varied nature's frame,
That being *God* ;—*adored his holy name !*

All nature cries aloud—" *There is a God ;*"
All nations this idea understood,
Or nearly all ; altho' his unity
The heathen did divide, and variously,
Yet, Greeks and Romans held one God supreme,
Who o'er the world held sway, and him they deem
The universal Father-Sovereign Jove—
They saviour call, and him revere and love.
Even they a Providence divine confess,
Their help in trouble, comfort in distress,
But, revelation darkness clears away,
And does God's perfect attributes display,
Yea, justifies his ways with feeble clay.
Thus plain is seen, whate'er the state of man,
" His dim horizon's bounded by a span,"
This world the school, in which he's sent to learn
How his true end to know ; how to discern
The process whence his nature purified
From moral dross and in the furnace tried,
The Deity shall in his soul behold
Reflected his true image, as of old,
What time he lived in blissful Eden's bowers,
Approved of God, loved by celestial powers.

II.

Indulge, my muse, a lighter strain,
 And from too serious theme refrain.
 Bid fancy soar on venturous wing,
 And lend my harp another string.
 Let days of eld again return.
 And heroes waking from the urn,
 Again reviving, bear the shield,
 And war-steed prance along the field.
 Bid Beauty, with her matchless charms,
 Fill ardent breasts with keen alarms;
 Her smile their joy, their life, their breath,
 Her frown dismay, destruction, death.
 Let virtuous deeds still crown the lay,
 And, 'mid the buoyant, light and gay,
 Decorum keep a watchful eye,
 And rectitude be constant by;
 While Virtue in fair colors blends
 The grace that in her train attends,
 And Courtesy, with gentle mien,
 Be through the page, tho' scanty seen:
 That lessons, not without their use,
 May on the reader still produce
 That influence, so gently shed
 Upon the prudent; wisely led,
 E'en when for grave he takes the gay instead.

When royal Charlemagne bore sway,
 He made a tournament, one day;
 And to his splendid, joyous court,
 Princes and paladins resort,
 With many a duke and noble knight
 In armor, gold embossed and bright.
 Their sabres shine with pearls and gold,
 The costly diamonds unfold

The wealth of him, who with high crest
 His war-steed spurred, and lance in rest,
 Rushed on in glory's full career,
 And all for fame and lady dear.

At Paris, feasted high in hall,
 The noble throng was vast, but all
 Within the ample space found room,
 And from all lands the valiant come.
 Within this great assembly vast,
 Four men of lofty stature passed,
 Beside a knight of noble port,
 Armed, as became a royal court.
 But great and wondrous the surprise
 That dazzled each beholder's eyes,—
 A princess fair, conducted came,
 Radiant in beauty, and her name,
 Angelica; who at first sight
 Made captive to her charms each knight,
 Heart-smitten by her beauty bright.

The aged monarch felt the flame,
 Which burned in nobles of high name,
 Who, sad to think, forgot their wives,—
 A shame on every man that lives;
 For what can man hope in this life,
 Who basely can desert his wife;
 Pursues the path which he should shun,
 Until by beauty quite undone?—
 But so it was; and when a boon
 The graceful princess asked, it soon
 Was granted by the monarch hoary,
 That knights in all their pride and glory
 Should with her valiant brother fight,
 And, if unhorsed, each vanquished knight

Should with his steed and arms be made
 A captive ; but if victorious, then the maid
 Should be the happy victor's wife
 Whose valiant blade had won the strife.
 The lots are cast, in contest came
 Each knight to struggle for the dame.
 Unhorsed in turn each captive ta'en
 Found all his cherished hopes in vain.

Angelica was fast asleep,
 When Malgigi forth did creep,
 And to her tent, with sabre drawn,
 Resolved to slay her ere the dawn ;
 But, as her lovely face he sees,
 And gazes on her, at his ease,
 Smitten by her superior charms
 He hastes to press her in his arms.
 Who, waking, uttered piercing cry
 Her answering brother soon was nigh,
 The intruder with a scourging greeted,
 Tied hand and foot, and thus defeated,
 Sent him a captive far away,
 To Galafron, king of Cathay,
 Who, hostile to the Christian creed,
 Sent with enchanted arms and steed
 His valiant son, named Argalia,
 And sweet Angelica ; to try a
 Not seldom used experiment,
 Which Christians warriors repent,
 When, by ambition led, and beauty,
 They, 'gin to falter in their duty.

The fair, we've said, in charms so bright,
 By blandishments won every knight ;
 (In vain their prowess or their might,)

Though she of a false creed, they saw
 More charms in her than Christian law,
 And from their king, religion, clime,
 She drew off many, for long time,
 Whose contests sore, with lance and shield,
 Were urged on many a bloody field.
 The love of her inspired their hate,
 Defying earth and heaven and fate,
 While in the end, oh! deepest sore,
 She wedded peasant, young Medore!
 Though kings and emperors, her sought,
 She deemed their love a thing of naught,
 And proved that they have judged in haste
 Who think to account for woman's taste.

The fabled fount of love and hate
 Could not produce a change so great,
 When she for good Rinaldo sighed,
 And gushing tears rolled in a tide,
 And when in madness of desire,
 Consumed by inward amorous fire,
 She followed him with steed and voice,
 The deep-loved object of her choice.

What must be said of all the knights,
 Who for her longed, and vain delights,
 'Tis this: they lent their passions sway,
 Till reason rose at later day,
 And while they bitterly repent,
 Grieve, as Orlando, time misspent.
 So all must mourn who leaves the path
 That truth points out and virtue hath,
 For charms most rare, and beauty 're vain,
 To all the captives of their chain,

Contrast with her so fair, the lovely Isabel,
 Dear by her charms so tender ; those can tell,
 Who mark her chastity and constant love,
 For him her lord,—more like to those above,
 Whose lasting flame e'en death did not consume,
 It lived, survivor of his fate and tomb.
 This trait endearing in fair woman shines,
 And wins all hearts, and round her circling twines,
 On her, the gentle, tender, Flordelis,
 Who loved so fondly, chastely, constantly,
 As elevates the soul possessed of feeling,
 By sympathy all tender pity stealing,
 Nor finer sentiment, we elsewhere see,
 Than in this tale, like fair Andromache,
 Her tender parting makes the feeling weep,
 Bids modest breast, in melting pity steep.

Love is the strongest passion of them all ;
 And of the heart, his knowledge is but small,
 Who does not own, that in man's whole account,
 And life entire, it reigns as paramount.
 If ill directed, it will wreck the peace,
 If well, 'twill bring security and ease,
 With bliss as perfect as can here be found,
 Though this is not a plant of earthly ground.
 Who has not felt the all-consuming care,
 Involving hopeless lovers everywhere,
 And yet it may contending passions soothe,
 To know that true love's course does oft run smooth.

III.

When man, obnoxious, to the wrath of heaven,
From blissful bowers of Paradise was driven,
The earth, with him, was made the curse to bear,
And all the creatures his condition share.
Hence, with his hands to work, while from his brow
The perspiration falls, by plying spade, pick, or plow.
But few there are, who labor not for bread,
Nor are th' idle happier; for instead
Of adding to their joys, the men of wealth
Die often of *ennui*, or pine in failing health;
So sure it is, labor's the normal state,
And moderate exercise will benefit the great.

Think what a world would be, if men could find
Their daily bread, and all things to their mind,
Without laborious toil; their time misspent,
Most would seek folly, on some ill intent,
And lust and crime and sin would flourish so,
That man would mourn his little time below;
Murders and rapes and arsons would prevail,
With deeds atrocious, at which each cheek grows pale.

'Tis better as it is: the frame and mind,
Are far more vigorous, that employment find,
None are respected more than they who toil,
To stimulate the arts and till the soil,
Or exercise some craft, engage in trade,
Or follow honest course, in which is made
The sustenance by which one may be fed,
And give a family their daily bread.
Provisions may be high, and labor scarce,
The wages low, yet even in my verse,
I could some causes, in few words rehearse,

And if the problem could solution find,
 And tidings of my subject soon get wind,
 The rush to get my book would be so great,
 From every territory, every State,
 From South and West, New York and Washington,
 That printers with my job would ne'er be done.
 The rolling dimes would fill my coffers full,
 And to reach higher would procure a stool.
 The merchant, preacher, broker, lawyer, all
 Would often stop, to make a friendly call.
 Hard-fisted sons of toil my hand would grasp
 Tenaciously, as with a vise's clasp.
 The iron men would point me as I go,
 The seamstress' would wish my pace more slow.
 Yea, lovely woman, with the radiant smiles
 That turn so many heads, so oft beguiles,
 Would say: "Behold! there, there, is the great actor,
 That is of all the land, the benefactor!"
 And who would not be flattered by such women?
 My reputation would be great with seamen,
 With politicians, legislators, teamen,
 In short, through all this mighty land of freemen.

Not every man that reads, and reading thinks,
 Can solve enigmas like the fabled Sphinx,
 And men that rhyme but very seldom high mount,
 While many hold their verses at a discount.
 Unused but to statistics fail to see,
 Truth may use iambic, dactyl, spondee,
 Their minds being warped for want of cultivation,
 They much retard our true civilization,
 Like those who think to know ontology,
 Neglecting, like the Stagyrte, theology.
 Expect not, then, my power to explain,
 What most consummate statesmen tried in vain,

For, as the sages of antiquity,
 But few on this great subject can agree,
 Yet for all this 't may not be out of season,
 To listen to the sweet, mild voice of reason,
 For what was heard of old, doth now befall,
 'Tis wisdom's voice that in the streets doth call,
 And listened to may timely save us all.

The nation, too much led by wild romance,
 Entered the lists, and shivered many a lance;
 Conqueror and conquered on the bloody field,
 Saw dead in heaps, but neither side would yield;
 The cries of wounded patriots rose in air,
 The mortal agony, like death's, was there,
 The dying groan, the look of wild despair.
 Upon each other, armies death-bolts urge,
 More fatal than the yellow fever's scourge.
 We mourn a railway crash, ten victims lost;
 But here, on bloody fields, expired a host,
 While dreadful fiends kept revel at high rate,
 And opened wide of death the dreadful gate.
 More souls were sent to "Pluto's gloomy reign,"
 Than all that died on sad Pharsalia's plain;
 More wives were widowed, and more fathers slain,
 Than Greeks and Trojans both, on Ilium plain.

Peace smiled propitious, and for deadly lance,
 Came, in its train, the instrument finance.
 The debt was heavy, and the bonds did sell,
 These and some paper answered very well;
 But, interest is a thing that one must pay,
 And business men must count a reckoning day.
 The drafts were heavy; gold had to be paid,
 And foreign lands against us balance made,
 Such as must be whenever thus we trade.

All was inflated, trade with taxes groans,
 On every hand arise sad, dismal moans,
 High rents and taxes, all provisions dear,
 Since seventy-three, each is a dismal year.
 The change was come, the trial now began,
 And for inflation now is known "hard pan."
 All toil as ever, but in a dull trade,
 The prices down but little money's made,
 As own each man and boy and wife and maid.
 The times are hard, as everybody knows,
 But will it help, by mourning still our woes?
 Did e'er faint heart a fairest lady won?
 No! for too void of pluck he was undone.
 Brace on the armor, still your labor tend,
 The times are hard, bad times will have an end.
 If manufacturing; pay the best your hands,
 For best of pay, a ready will commands.
 And you, ye sons of toil, do as you like,
 But, my advice is to ye—*do not strike*.
 To strike is bad, with either fist or stick,
 No Christian man should ever give a kick,
 Or smite when smitten, even on the cheek,
 But turn the other, in mild fashion, meek,
 And hold his temper in, nor dare to speak.
 But striking work, for workman is not good,
 It means the lack of rent and clothes and food,
 For half a loaf will answer oft its ends,
 Though not on bread alone a man depends.
 Make covenant with him you wish to serve,
 His interest is to pay what you deserve,
 But if to pay his hands he has to borrow,
 And all his struggles daily are but sorrow,
 Strike not to-day, and wiser be to-morrow.

There's such a science as is called *economy*,
 Which some as little know, as th' blind astronomy,
 In this the pith, little but go far,
 Useful it is in peace as well as war.
 And though in times of prevalent corruption,
 Ignoring cities seek for its adoption,
 When empty treasuries, and groaning debt,
 Have found them trembling on the brink of fate.
 This does not mean one stingy of his money,
 As to refuse a poor old dame a penny,
 For, generous hearts will never need a friend,
 And he that borrows may in future lend,
 Then let me tell an ancient story famous,
 Of one presented with the isle of Samos.

When the Magician ruled the Persian nation,
 And reaped the fruits of unjust usurpation,
 Seven chiefs conspiring, by attack him slew,
 Then this took place, which to the world was new.
 For only one could rule, and here were seven,
 They thus conclude to make the matter even,
 Whose horse at sunrise should be first to neigh,
 Should monarch be and over all bear sway.
 The groom of him known by the name Darius,
 A faithful servant, prudent, useful, pious,
 Procured a stratagem about to bring,
 The horse first neighed which made Darius king.
 Congratulations on all hands did pour,
 And one Syloson hailed the happy hour,
 Himself presented, audience did claim,
 As the king's friend and let him know his name.
 The thing was this, the stranger once a cloak
 Of purple had, which opulence bespoke,
 Darius then, an officer of rank,
 Him for the cloak sincerely had to thank,

For he, refusing this fine cloak to sell,
 Presented it; which was perhaps as well,
 For now grown king his gratitude was shown,
 By honors great and Samos fair to own.

Thus, courtesy will often have reward,
 If not such course is yet to be preferred
 E'en for its own sake; churlish Nabal's wife,
 From David's hand preserved her husband's life,
 And gained a better far, by graceful ways,
 And conduct worthy of the highest praise.
 Much happiness on courtesy depends,
 Watch but the rude, and see how rudeness ends.
 None but a clown to any can be rude,
 But courtesy will show the manners good,
 And nothing in all stations has more grace,
 And perfect charm than each to know his place.
 Courteously treating all that come or go,
 The rich, the poor, the swift as well as slow.
 Reader, 'tis better in the end you know it,
 You have best wishes of your friend the poet,
 That happiness may all your wishes crown,
 While choicest favors from the heavens come down.

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